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Whole No. 205.

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The Rantzaus was produced last night at the Union Square, opening the twelfth regular season. For some reason or other there was not a large audience present. Probably the opera and Nilsson's concert detracted from the usually large attendance on first-nights at this theatre. Among the gathering, however, were noticed many faces which compose the *clientèle* of Mr. Palmer's establishment. As the different members of the company made their appearance, they were greeted with generous applause—all but one. When Frederic de Belleville stepped on the stage, a significant silence prevailed; a sort of cold rebuke.

The play of The Rantzaus is pastoral, and therefore extremely quiet in character. It is taken from Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian's piece of the same name, and the peculiarities or beauties of the original text are retained as far as possible by Mons. Chisuran who made the English translation. The story is remarkably simple and is not marked by a single startling incident. The strength of the situation rests chiefly in their naturalness. The play opens with a scene showing the interior of Father Florence's cottage. He is a kindly, soft-hearted old man, and is the schoolmaster of the Village Chaumes. He is in receipt of forty francs monthly from his wife. To assist a poor old woman—Mother Nanette, a village gossip—he parts with half of this allowance and finds himself in a sad predicament, not having the wherewithal to buy his customary snuff. It is the old man's birthday; his wife Marianne reminds him and he arranges his toilet to receive guests. Philip, son of John, one of the Rantzaus brothers, calls to present the old pedagogue with a dictionary of his favorite study, entomology. During the conversation that follows Philip expresses his hatred for his Uncle John, who has had a fraternal quarrel of thirty years' standing over the title to a piece of land near the houses occupied by himself and John Rantzaus. After Philip's departure John's daughter, Louise enters with another birthday gift—a heifer for Father Fortune's wife. She is asked to look at the entomological dictionary, and she manifests interest in its contents; but on learning that Philip is the giver she closes it angrily. This rather tamely brings the curtain down.

The second act is more interesting. The scene is located in the parlor of John Rantzaus's house. A new piano, brought from Paris, stands in the centre of the apartment. It is intended to annoy James, who lives on the opposite side of the street, and who, until this particular day, has not raised the curtain of his window for thirty years. Lebel, the warden of the forest, begins a song. It is interrupted by the sound of flails threshing wheat over at James'. John wants to make a match between his daughter and Lebel and he persuades Father Florence to make his wishes known to Louise. She does not take kindly to the proposal. Her will is as strong as her father's. She says she will enter a convent rather than wed Lebel. John is enraged on hearing of this, and on the daughter's again refusing in his presence he aims a blow at her. Father Florence for interfering is thrown out of the house. John threatens his child and finally hurls her to the floor.

The third act takes place in a beautiful scene—the square in the village of Chaumes by moonlight. John discovers that Philip and his daughter, who is stricken ill by his blow, are in love. The physicians tell him Louise cannot live, for she refuses to take their medicines, and says she wants to die. Conquering his hate and pride, John goes to the door of his brother's house and asks him to send his son to the sick girl. If she dies he will be a murderer, etc. James motions John in.

The fourth act simply brings about the reconciliation of the brothers and the happy union of Philip and Louise.

The acting was generally up to the standard of the company. F. de Belleville's make-up as James was realistic. His wig was old, but his face was young. He acted spiritlessly and did himself no credit. J. H. Stoddart as John was picturesque and dramatic; but he posed too much. John Parselle was very happy in the part of the schoolmaster. Walden Ramon is a capital *jeune premier*. He did Philip nicely. Owen Fawcett had a little to do, and of course did it well. Maude Harrison was a surprise to those who did not know her ability in acting a serious part. She was carried out her conception of the character of the right one—admirably. Mrs. Phillips as Mother Nanette was a capital *jeune premier*. Neila Michaels as Juliette and Mother

Nanette were quite satisfactory. Annie Wake-man, seen for the first time at the Square, was handicapped by a worthless part.

The scenery was beautiful. Tissington's orchestra played popular selections capitally between the acts. The Rantzaus may and may not catch on. Its fate depends upon the degree of appreciation the public are willing to accord a quiet, clean, domestic play.

Wallack's was filled Monday and Mrs. Langtry made her appearance in Tobin's comedy, The Honey-moon, before an assemblage almost stocked with fashion and wealth as that of the first night of her performance. Of the lady's Juliana we have but a few words to say. It was a conventional performance, lacking in spirit, intelligence and devoid of the slightest artistic embellishment. The audience gave her a moderately enthusiastic reception on her first entrance. Scarcely a hand was heard after that. Of Mrs. Langtry's personal adornment we can say a word of approbation. Her *toilettes* were effective in a reverse ratio to her acting.

With the exception of Mr. Cooper, who was a fair Duke enough, the work of the company calls for no comment. The Wallack company return next Monday, in The Queen's Shilling, when we shall see something that can be called acting with an approximate degree of truth.

Harrigan and Hart returned to local comedy Monday night, when they produced their new piece, McSorley's Inflation. The event occasioned much more interest than the appearance of Mrs. Langtry up-town for the first time as Juliana. There was a packed auditorium, and each favorite received an immense reception on his or her entrance. This was the way the public manifested their gratification for the return to the style of performance that made Harrigan and Hart famous. McSorley is a candidate for coroner. His mishaps and comic experiences in "fixing" the colored vote, bribing heelers, and finally getting punched out of recognition by one of the henchmen are most laughable. The character is like Daniel Mulligan in many respects and is quite as well represented. Tony Hart as Mrs. McSorley was capital. In this old Irishwoman is a type of being to be seen any day behind a stall in Washington Market. Johnnie Wild, as a nigger vote buyer, was simply immense. The audience shouted while he was on the stage. James Fox, Edward Burt, Anna Mack Berlein and Gertie Granville, were all fitted with amusing parts. The scenery, by Witham, and the songs by Brah-m, were even better than those gentlemen have accustomed us to. The song and melody of the Charleston Blues, "The Old Feather Bed," "I Never Drink Behind the Bar," and the market women's rousing chorus, are destined to achieve popularity. The piece was an instantaneous hit and the manager-actors are to be congratulated on the excellence of the whole production. McSorley's Inflation will crowd the Comique for a many a night.

Atkinson's Jollities appeared at the Alcazar Monday evening, presenting, for the first time in this city, their musical absurdity, The Electric Spark. The company is a good one and contains the names of several well-known people. The piece is of the musical farce order, with a thin and improbable plot; but just about sufficient to preserve its coherency. Plenty of mirth-provoking comedy of a rough order is introduced, and this, with the songs and other features of the piece, succeeded in keeping the audience in good humor. The story—what there is of it—is as follows: John Senior Bull, (Harry Brown), an old toy-maker, has been working for years constructing a life-size doll, with the hope that eventually he will be able to transform it into a living being, and thus provide a wife for his son, John, Jr. (Frank Daniels). The boy is a simple-minded booby; is unaware of his father's plans, and falls deeply in love with the young housekeeper of the family, Sallie Smiles (Jennie Yeamans). Tom, Bright (Alexander Bell), the old man's nephew, is also an inmate of the house; but in a dependent position. While the toy-maker is temporarily absent the young people, who have discovered that the doll is locked up in a closet, determine to investigate the matter, and being joined by one of their acquaintances, a young village girl named Daisy Dame (Amy Lee), who had previously impersonated the doll, they open the closet. But the old man's return causes them to scamper off, leaving Daisy in the party. While locked up with the Doll, Daisy conceives the idea of changing dresses with it, which she does. The doll is brought into the work-shop, and the toy-maker, ignorant of the change, proceeds, with the aid of an electric battery to bring it to life by various incantations, which eventually end in an appeal to the devil for assistance. The devil appears in the person of Tom, who has arrayed himself in a suitable costume, and at the earnest solicitation of old Bull transforms the doll into life. The doll proves a very unruly addition to the family, however, and as she secretly loves Tom, evinces no disposition to marry young Bull. Toward the close the toy-maker discovers that he has been duped; but Christmas is coming; his better nature is awakened; he consents to the marriage of his son to the housekeeper, makes restitution to Tom of a sum of money he has wrongfully withheld from him, and with songs and dances the performance closes.

It will be seen that this is all very ridiculous; but the piece, in the hands of the clever artists

employed, went off smoothly and elicited much applause. Amy Lee, a great favorite in New York, received quite an ovation. Her part needs writing up, as it does not give scope to the abilities we know she possesses. Jennie Yeamans is very good, and so also is Frank Daniels.

At the Windsor, one of the numerous Hazel Kirking brigades is acting Mackaye's drama this week. Miss Ellsler, C. W. Couldock, Mrs. Davenport, C. B. Welles, Frank Rodney, Edwin Milliken, W. B. Cahill and May Roberts were individually excellent in the parts with which they have long been identified. This Hazel Kirke is the best on the road.

Spartacus is a part, like Virginius, that McCullough plays as if it had been written for him. It is a magnificent piece of acting, and Monday the audience sat the tragedy out completely enthralled. They filled nearly every seat in the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The grand physique, sonorous elocution and sturdy action of the star embody perfectly the historical and dramatic notion of the Roman gladiator. Applause was almost continuous during the entire performance. Mr. McCullough was ably supported by his admirable company. Miss Forsyth as Centurion, and Edmund Collier as Phasarius, distinguished themselves. In fact every member of the cast was acceptable, and in some instances much more than that.

At the matinee Saturday McCullough will play Claude Melnotte, and on Thanksgiving Day Master Walter. For the evening performance, The Gladiator will remain the bill. Next week we are to have Brutus and a repetition of the most popular impersonations in the star's repertoire.

Probably it was on account of the many strong counter-attractions that the Vokes' postponed their performance of Too Too Truly Rural and did Belles of the Kitchen instead Monday night. The rattling farce, with its plethora of songs, dances and bustling fun, took immensely with the large audience gathered at Niblo's, and a more successful representation of it was never given in New York. The Country Cousin continues on the bill. While the Vokes can draw with their old pieces they perhaps are not to be blamed for getting something new once or twice in every decade; but those that admire them are often heard to grieve because of the staleness of the family's repertoire. Because money comes in easily artists should none the less avoid becoming crystallized, if for no other reason than that eventually they will divert the money into new and fresher channels. Too Too Truly Rural is announced "in preparation." What preparation is necessary, pray, to do a piece that has been acted by the party at least fifty times. It will be played Friday and Saturday afternoon and evening.

The highly successful run of Romany Ryed ended Saturday night with a packed house. On Monday, by special arrangement with A. M. Palmer, by which the members of the Union Square company not engaged in representing The Rantzaus are farmed out for a fortnight at Booth's, Manager Stetson revived in grand style The Lights o' London. The house was filled in every part, from the newsboy in rags up aloft to the swell in his claw-hammer down in the parquet. The vast stage of this theatre gives magnificent scope for the scenic beauties of Sims' capital melodrama, and the sets, many of which were the originals used at the Union Square with the shortage masked by large new wings and borders, showed to especially good advantage. The Seven Dials scene was most realistically done, as was also the Regent's Park scene. For pictorial beauty, animated color and entertaining movement, this melodrama is superior to any yet subjected to our judgment. The cast was good all round. While, of course, not equal to the original, which numbered Stoddart, Parselle, Thorne, Sara Jewett, Maude Harrison and De Belleville in it, nevertheless it was in almost every respect excellent and thoroughly satisfactory.

Joseph Whiting played the persecuted Har-old with much feeling. The Seth Preen of H. A. Weaver was capital. His North Britain dialect is perfect. The scene with his erring daughter was very effective. That suggestion of Vincent Crummies, Joseph Jarvis, the itinerant disciple of Thespis, was played by W. J. Lemoine in a manner to excite the risibilities of the audience at every turn. His plunges into the technique of the stage were appreciated by the liberal sprinkling of professionals in the audience. Lizzie Hudson was not quite equal to the part of Bess Marks. Eleanor Cary's Hetty Preen was not a good performance; the lady can do better. Her work on Monday night was spiritless. Louisa Eldridge's Mrs. Jarvis "caught on" with the audience, among whom she seemed to have a large *clientèle*. All the small parts were well done, noticeably the Policeman (Lysander Thompson), Shakespeare James (Eloise Willis), Philosopher Jack (Alfred Becks), Percy de Vere (Clinton Stuart), the Wait (Eva French), Jim Jarvis' man (W. E. Morse), and Sal (Nellie Wetherell). The house was not large, and there were no recalls.

The Lights will be played in all two weeks. On Monday week Madame Modjeska makes her first appearance in this city as Rosalind. In this part, added to her repertoire this sea-

son, the Polish actress has created quite a *furor* in Philadelphia and Boston. From the opinions of our correspondents in those cities, it is pretty certain we will be treated to an intellectual and, in some respects, novel representation of the masquerading maiden.

Arrangements have been made for playing Young Mrs. Winthrop in London, we are given to understand; but the theatre decided upon for the production is not yet made known. At the Madison Square the quiet, wholesome little play runs along prosperously, drawing an even average of good, paying houses. The new play has not yet been put in rehearsal. It will not be done in all probability until about the beginning of Spring.

With but one or two exceptions, the theatres will be open Thanksgiving Day. The holiday is celebrated by a large portion of our inhabitants by a visit to some place of amusement.

The San Francisco Minstrels have got a Langtry of their own, and she is giving a performance that knocks the spots out of Henry Abbey's—to put it delicately. She is giving some very enjoyable exhibitions this week. But even without this professional beauty, Birch, Hamilton and Backus need nothing to bolster up receipts. Their capital programme, arranged with great skill, furnishes a variety of amusing features that are appreciated hilariously by the patrons of the Opera House. The San Franciscos are lucky in having secured a wide *clientèle*, which, like Mr. Micawber's constant better-half, will never desert them—never!

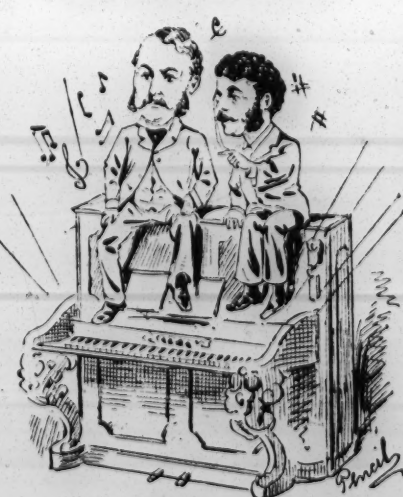
Joseph Jefferson's receipts at the Grand Opera House have been large. Rip is especially attractive to the younger generation of theatre-goers, who have not seen it often enough to become sated with the adventures of the rollicking vagabond of the Catskills. Today (Wednesday) the sixth comic opera matinee will be given by Colonel McCaull's accomplished company.

A comedy translated from the German was produced at Duff's Saturday night because The Squire was such an enormous success it had to be taken off. The name of it is Our English Friend. Although well acted and mounted, it failed.

Herr Knaack took his benefit Monday, appearing in two farces and making a great hit in each. The house was crowded, and frequent applause attested the hold the comedian has obtained on the patrons of the Thalia.

At the Jersey City Academy of Music, Monday night, Helen Vincent appeared as Juliet, and was greeted by a large house—inclined to be critical. Miss Vincent is a young lady of very charming presence, and is possessed of a good degree of talent and many of those qualities necessary for the successful interpretation of the part she assumed. But sufficient soul and energy were not present in her performance. Her elocution is very good—the result of hard work—and her methods, though not faultless, are pleasing. Miss Vincent is young, and it is difficult to say what experience will do for her. But to be successful in the work she has undertaken, Shakespeare's spirit will have to be grasped as well as his lines. Her balcony scene was very good, and the potion scene well done. J. C. McCollum as Romeo needs little criticism. The rest of the cast were more or less capable.

The Musical Mirror.



Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri—the last new comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan—now being played simultaneously, allowing for difference of longitude, at the Savoy Theatre, in London, and at the Standard Theatre, in New York, can, at best, be pronounced a *succès d'estime*. In fact, was it not for the solid and well-founded reputation of the authors of music and text, which secures, justly, respectful consideration for all they do, the opera would have been deemed a failure so far as public opinion is concerned. The text is exceedingly bright and clever—very Gilbertian in method; and we have become so familiar with the Gilbertian method that it is now somewhat trite to us. All Mr. Gilbert says in the book of Iolanthe is well said; but it has been said before by Mr. Gilbert himself, and so lacks the charm of novelty. It is a very pretty tale; but also it is "an oft-told tale." With regard to Mr. Sullivan's music, we should have thought, had we

not been informed by the announcements that this Iolanthe was Sullivan's latest opera, that it was his earliest effort in that direction. There is a certain groping after effects—a sort of working in the dark, as it were, strongly suggestive of the work of one who does not feel his feet sufficiently firm set on the path to venture to throw away his crutches. Reminiscences of Mr. Sullivan's models are pertinacious in their projection, and Weber, Mendelssohn and Wagner are so evidently the guides to this path, that we are apt to lose sight of the real traveller and to fix our attention on his precursors. That the music is beautifully made and scored, goes without saying; technically, it is, like all the work of this most clever man, perfect; but all through the score we see the marks of the chisel—the streaks of the brush. It is manufactured, not inspired music, and no more equals the spontaneous gushing forth of melody that marks his former works, than the grinding of a barrel-organ can compare with the rising winds of a great orchestra. Mr. Sullivan, in Pinafore, The Pirates of Penzance, or Patience, is a wizard; in Iolanthe, he is merely a deft conjuror.

In listening to the music of this opera one is irresistibly impressed with the idea that the composer is tired of his work; that instead of writing to ease his mind of the "thoughts that burn" by giving them air, he is working against the grain and by the skilled application of mechanical methods. Be it understood, distinctly, that much beauty is present; but it is the beauty of form, not of color and perfume. It is the camellia, not the rose, that is offered to us in the musical bouquet. Never does Mr. Sullivan rise to the melodic level of his former works. His music in this last attempt might mate with any other book of Faerie and be not out of place. While Gilbert has treated his share of the subject in broad burlesque, Sullivan has merely set it to conventional music, with little of the marked color such as indicates Pinafore, The Pirates, The Sorcerer, Patience, and, more than all the others, his earliest but cleverest sketch, Box and Cox. It must not be lost sight of, however, that the piece suffers severely from the unintelligent stage direction which, in the first act, especially, having brought the people on the stage, leaves them there like sheep without a shepherd; so that, were it not for the excellent work of Miss Roche and Mr. Ryley, which may be said to have saved the piece, if the piece be really saved, which we potently doubt, and the *dolce far niente* style of the musical direction. The first of these offices being in the hands of one who, not being of an original turn of mind, can only reproduce what he has seen and seen often, and whose notions of effect are derived from the drill-ground more than the stage, which manner has exhausted itself, and having reached its perigee in Billie Taylor, has now touched its apogee in Iolanthe, and will henceforth vanish into space with the comet. And the second position of command being confided to a man of undoubted talent and rare cultivation, but who is too easy and good-natured for his most exacting and difficult part. A New York band needs a martinet far more than a musician. The male chorus is written much too low in pitch, and, in consequence, the tenors sounded like asthmatic bellows and the basses like sponges. Augusta Roche shines like the moon among the lesser stars, by reason of her magnificent voice, person and method. Little Sallie Reber looks nice, sings badly and makes nothing of the part, possibly because there is nothing to be made of it. Marie Jansen is like a chip in porridge—she does neither good nor harm. Nevertheless, she is pretty, and would be graceful if she would only learn how to walk. Among the men, Mr. Cadwallader is the only one who sings well. Mr. Carleton has a very dull part in Strephon; and lacks the dramatic ability to infuse life into the inert. The whole lay-out of the part of Strephon is tenor, and why it should have been written for a baritone is an inscrutable mystery. The effect is absolute nugation. The sentinel is evidently intended for a bass of the deepest dye; wherefore Mr. Lithgow James, having a baritone of faint color, only fails to impress; likewise he does not stand stiff enough. Wilkinson does very well what is not too easy to do—a sort of half-chattering, half-dizzy part. Ryley sings admirably; the fact is, we cannot conceive of the part being done better than he does it, both musically and dramatically. His Lord Chancellor is a worthy companion-picture to his Major-General and Bunthorne. His very legs are rhythmic, and his singing is the pink of pattering. To conclude, Sullivan has achieved what to him must be a rather hard task—he has composed a very dull opera in Iolanthe; or, The Peer and the Peri.

Mme. Christine Nilsson's concert at Steinway Hall, on Tuesday night, was crowded to the utmost capacity of the Hall. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club made a most acceptable instrumental setting to the musical picture, and the central figure Mme. Nilsson, herself never showed to better advantage. Her delivery of Handel's great air, "Angels ever bright and fair," was full of chaste beauty and that Doric simplicity of style that this great artist can employ so well. In the duet, "La ci darem," from the Don Giovanni of Mozart, Mme. Nilsson displayed a playful coquetry of style and brightness of voice that few other prima donne can give us. Again in the "Jewel song," from Gounod's Faust she showed that rare versatility that only belongs to great artists. Her singing was embodied sunshine. M. Bjorksten has a nice tenor voice and sings well, and the rest of the support was fine-to-middling—as usual.

Pen and Pencil.



When the brilliant assemblage of commoners, critics, lords, ladies and other folks composing the audience at the Savoy Theatre, London, on Saturday night, which assisted at the English birth of Iolanthe, had eaten its nocturnal rare-bit, chops or cold cut and drunk its 'arf-and-'arf, hot toddy or Amontillado, and tucked itself comfortably away to rest, with the bed-clothes snugly pulled over its head, a crowd of people in evening dress were besieging the doors of the Standard intent on witnessing the most interesting event of the season—the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's last opera. Copyright reasons were assigned for the simultaneous production of the piece at home and abroad. At seven o'clock I was handed a cablegram from one of THE MIRROR's London friends announcing the verdict on the other side. The occasion here being quite independent of the other, I saw no reason for throwing cold water on it. The dispatch, therefore, found a safe hiding-place in my coat pocket until the performance had finished. New York was going to pass on Iolanthe's merits for itself, so the mere matter of five hours' difference in our time could not be fairly used to defeat this purpose. All the veteran first-nighters were in front. The newspaper men—who to a man deserted Duff for Henderson—Oscar Wilde, Larry Jerome, Henry French, Berry Wall (in the tightest trousers tailor ever designed to make a gilded youth uncomfortable), Mr. and Mrs. John Hoey, the Du Flons, Sydney Cowell, Mrs. Stephen Fiske, Dr. Robertson and the rest. Every seat was sold before noon on Saturday, and the unusual sight was presented of a balcony filled with swallow-tails and women in gorgeous attire. The gallery was packed like a sardine. The gods, strange to say, were of the unrueliest character, disgusting the parquet and boxes frequently during the evening with their boisterous applause, unmelodious cat-calls and other audible signs of a lively interest in the production. From the yells for Charlie Harris that proceeded from that quarter of the house, after the first act, I strongly suspect the turbulent spectators were a delegation of that gentleman's personal friends and admirers; which,



Iolanthe herself

considering the tastes and general deportment of the capable but ungentelemanly stage-manager, is not at all unlikely. Just after Alfred Cellier had taken up his baton and assumed that perfect command which he always has over his musicians, an unlooked-for excitement was occasioned by a careless lady in the front row of the balcony, who laid her fluffy opera cloak over the iron railing just above a gas bracket. The ribbon blazed up in a sudden flame; the inevitable fool below yelled "fire!" There was a sudden stir all over the house; nervous people started to their feet, and for a moment it looked as though a foolish panic was imminent. But Cellier kept his orchestra at work; the lady's escort patted the fire out with his hands, and the audience settled down much relieved. Wiseacres at once shook their heads and solemnly asserted that the incident boded ill luck for Iolanthe.

Of Sullivan's music and the singing of it I will say nothing. The Musical Mirror will reflect that weaker half of the composition, no doubt. Gilbert's libretto and the way the actors employed in illustrating its pungent wit and keen satire alone shall engage my attention. Certainly my work is the pleasantest. The piece opens with a charming Arcadian scene that well-deserved the applause with which it was greeted. The background is a sunny landscape through which a placid stream winds its quiet canvas way. The distant hills are poetically hazy and the adjacent grove at the left is invitingly cool and shady. At the right (I am looking from my parquet chair and not from the prompter's table, in which

case the position of things would of course be technically reversed), about four grooves up stage, stands a pretty thatched-roofed cottage. The porch is hid by trailing vines. In front of this is a rustic bridge crossing a pond of real water, the limpid surface of which is dotted with long grass and water-lilies. Wild flowers and reeds fringe its banks. A steep path rambles off among the trees down at the left; opposite, another path with an old-fashioned stile is seen. A more beautiful set than this has never been exhibited on the Standard stage—unless I except that used later in the second act. The fairies trip on and lament the banishment of their sister Iolanthe for marrying a mortal. Their Queen, played by that sterling artiste, Augusta Roche, is moved by the pleadings of her subjects to restore the popular young spirit who, as the rotund ruler says, was invaluable in teaching her how to curl herself inside a buttercup, swing upon a cobweb, dive into a dew-drop, nestle in a nutshell and gambol upon



The Fairy Queen

gossamer. The powers are invoked—Iolanthe rises from the pond of real water, steps over the iron water-lilies and kneels before her Majesty. And here let me remark that the real water business doesn't pay. Nobody could see it Saturday night except the boys in the front row of the gallery, for the simple reason that the tank was several inches above the stage-level and had to be masked in front by a ground piece. The contrivance cost Manager Henderson \$750. If water was only content to stop wherever it's put, it might be made effective on a slope.

Strephon is half fairy, half mortal. His upper and better half is immortal, while his lower extremities are mere ordinary flesh and bone. He was sired by a human and damned by Iolanthe. His age is twenty-four. The condition of semi-fairhood is a thorn in his side. His brain is racked with the perplexing problem—what is to become of his upper half when his lower half dies and is buried? Strephon loves and is betrothed to Phyllis, a ward in chancery. To marry her without the Lord Chancellor's consent is punishable by imprisonment for life. The Lord Chancellor, by the way, and the House of Lords are desperately enamored of the simple maiden. For love of her the former functionary and twenty-five Liberal and twenty-five Conservative peers have come down from town to be near Phyllis under the pretext of hunting sparrows on her lawn and hooking goldfish in her pond. By-and-bye the peers, in Parliament dress make their appearance with a brass band, singing—

We are peers of highest station,
Paragons of legislation,
Pillars of the British nation!
Tantantara! tzing! boom!

The lordly procession is followed by the Lord Chancellor, with a train-bearer, who dances about in step with the legal luminary.



A highly susceptible Chancellor

His Nibbs announces his business with the words:

The constitutional guardian
Of pretty young wards in Chancery;
All are agreeable girls, and none
Are over the age of twenty-one.

His business is to sit in his court all day,

giving agreeable girls away. But he is greatly



(Said I to myself, said I)
troubled because everybody is supplied but himself—

And one for him and one for ye,
And one for you and one for me,
And one for thou and one for thee;
But never, oh never, a one for me;
Which is exasperating for
A very susceptible Chancellor.

The Lords send for Phyllis to give her permission to take in marriage any one among them she may select. The maiden selects none of them, remarking in song:

I'm very much pained to refuse,
But I'll stick to my pipes and my tabors,
I can spell all the words that I choose,
And my grammar's as good as my neighbor's.

Strephon at this juncture arrives and announces his position with regard to Phyllis. The Peers struggle under this blow, but recover sufficiently to depart, "dignified and stately," leaving the Chancellor and Strephon to talk things over. The latter says he knows no Court of Chancery; he goes by Nature's Acts of Parliament. Nature commends him to marry Phyllis. This the Chancellor admits is a nice point; but Nature's evidence comes to him by proxy; it is hearsay, and therefore inadmissible. An affidavit from a thunder-storm, or a few words under oath from a heavy shower, would meet with the attention of the Court. Nature's conversation is therefore ruled out, as the Chancellor has always kept his duty strictly before his eyes. Says he—

Professional license, if carried too far,
Your chance of promotion will certainly mar;
And I fancy the rule might apply to the Bar
(Said I to myself, said I).

Strephon seeks consolation of his mother, who kisses and fondles him, and who is kissed and fondled by him in return. Phyllis and the Peers eavesdrop, and naturally suppose the lover is untrue to his betrothed. The case seems very probable, for Iolanthe looks about



A pillar of the British nation

seventeen. She is really two centuries old; but, being a fairy, doesn't show it. As a certain Lord Mount Ararat says to the Chancellor and his fellow M. P.'s:

This gentleman is seen
With a maid of seventeen,
A-taking of his *dolce far niente*,
And wonders he'd achieve,
For he asks us to believe

She's his mother, and he's nearly five-and-twenty
Phyllis in despair gives herself to Lords Ararat and Tolloller, leaving it to them to settle which shall possess her eventually. Strephon calls the fairies, who, with their Queen, appear. The sovereign, enraged at the impertinence of the Peers, appoints Strephon to Parliament, returning him from one of the boroughs which she has at her command. She threatens among other things:

Every bill and every measure
That may gratify his pleasure,
Though your fury it arouses,
Shall be passed by both your Houses.
You shall sit, if he sees reason,
Through the grouse-and-salmon season.
He shall prick that annual blister,
Marriage with deceased wife's sister.
Peers shall teem in Christendom,
And a Duke's exalted station
Be attainable by competitive examination.

The second act shows the Palace Yard, Westminster and Westminster Hall. It is night. The moon shines down upon the buildings, the real trees (cut over on Long Island), the sentry box and Private Willis on guard. The set is exquisite. The whole height, width and depth of the stage is utilized. Private Willis sings that he often thinks it's comical how nature always does contrive that every boy and every girl is either a little liberal or else a little conservative, fal, la, la. The

fairies trip on to enjoy Strephon's triumphs in the House. They find the Lords in a state of confusion, for the bill to throw the peerage open to competitive examination is having its second reading and will of course be passed. The fairies and peers begin flirting with one another, when the Queen discovers them and administers a sound rebuke by showing how she can resist the temptation of falling in love with Private Willis, a mortal who attracts her much. She tells them they must quench their love by fairy law, which is a Captain Shaw—in other words, the Chief of the London Fire Brigade. A little later Phyllis and the two Lords to whom she has given herself appear. The Lords try to settle which shall resign in favor of the other. They do not reach a satisfactory arrangement. So they both give the fair maid of Arcady the go-by. The Lord Chancellor follows their interview with a sort of patter-song, in which he describes graphically a night of unrest and bad dreams and the sensation on awakening in the morning. By-and-bye Strephon and Phyllis meet again and



Private Willis, B.C.

renew their pledges of affection. The fairies fall in love with the Peers, who are changed into fairies themselves, wings springing from under their cloaks. The Lord Chancellor gets a pair of "flyers" that match his wig of fluffy grey. The Queen takes the sentry and the rest pick out immortals that suit their taste. The curtain drops just previous to the ascent of the whole party, who are singing to the Chancellor:

Up in the air sky-high,
Far from wards in Chancery—
He will be surely happier far,
For he's such a susceptible Chancellor.

The quality of Gilbert's work is faintly outlined by the brief excerpts I have made in the foregoing synopsis of the libretto. The subject he illustrates lends itself capably to his witty and satiric pen. The lyrics have a pleasant jingle reminiscent of Thackeray's ballads and Tom Hood's comic lays, and the dialogue is crammed full of clever things. The story allows Gilbert to revel fancy-free in the realms of topsy-turvydom, and he enters into the pastime with a zest and lightness inimitable. It is possible that the fun is too delicate now and then to be understood by the general public. In comic opera the broader the humor the bigger the laugh. Many of the best points were missed entirely by the audience, because they did not understand the keen thrusts at the follies, abuses, eccentricities, stupidities, corruptions and inanities of that fluffy and stuffy body of steak-fed legislators, the House of Lords. The fun about the fairies, however, was thoroughly comprehended and heartily appreciated. The pageantry and the good acting of Carte's principals and chorus to a great extent counteracted the depressing influence of Sullivan's music, which is not suited to the situations or characters, and is the poorest altogether he has yet made for the purposes of comic opera.



Phyllis and Strephon

Gilbert's best effort is badly handicapped by his confère.

The company is thoroughly excellent. Augusta Roche easily walked away with the honors among the ladies. As the Queen she looked not only massive, but handsome, the Amazonian dress of the part displaying the charms of her figure exceedingly well. The ballad allotted her in the last act made a great impression, being enthusiastically redemanded

again and again. Marie Jansen was Iolanthe. This charming young lady has grown more rotund than she was when we last saw her. I am pleased to assure the anxious reader that the added averdupois adds to her pretty appearance.



Very little is given the singular character to do. Little Jansen clearly proved how easy it would have been for her to have done more by making the part stand out. Sallie Reber was Phyllis—and such a Phyllis! Mind, I only speak of her acting—her vocalizing is well enough. She seemed nearly as stiff and awkward as William Carleton, who played Strephon. Ryley made a hit instantaneously as the highly susceptible Chancellor. He evidently was not quite reconciled to the idea of creating a part, and not copying it; but he succeeded more than well. The song, "Said I to Myself, Said I," and the patter caused the house to thunder. Wilkinson was amusing as Mount Ararat, and Cadwallader—well, he was only so-so as Tolloller. The sentry's solo ought to be carried away and whistled by the spectators. Lithgow James' pronunciation was so indelicate the meaning and force of his song were utterly lost. This will no doubt be remedied with a few representations. White, Miss Lennox's secretary, played the train-bearer, and played it neatly. Billie Barlow, Florence Barrister and Mina Rowley were respectively the fairies, Fieta, Leila and Cella. Their duties were not painfully arduous. The chorus of fairies were nice. Their dresses were pretty—indeed, all the costumes were sumptuously made. The Peers—"the pillars of the British nation"—were capably made-up and threw enough mock dignity into their business to make it amusing without a nauseating effect.

Had Sullivan done his duty there would not be the slightest doubt about Iolanthe's prospects on this side of the Atlantic. But as it is, Gilbert will have to fight the battle out as good as single handed.

Meeting of the Fund Trustees.

The trustees of the Actors' Fund met on Friday at their office in the Theatre Company. Of the seventeen gentlemen comprising the board eight were present, viz: President Wallack, Secretary Frohman, Vice-President Palmer, John F. Poole, William Birch, William Henderson, Edward Harrigan and Harry Miner. This could not have been a quorum; but those present proceeded to make plans for the future regulation of the Fund. This was the object of the meeting. Mr. Palmer referred to a newspaper article which attacked the managers of the charity for their alleged apathy in the matter of the Park Theatre sufferers and condemned the Langtry benefit performance. He said he agreed with the article in question with reference to the benefit at Wallack's in aid of the sufferers by the Park Theatre disaster. The benefit should never have been given, he thought; but the Fund ought to have come to the surface at once and looked after the bereaved families. In reply, Secretary Frohman stated that on the night of the fire he instituted inquiries to learn the condition of the families of the deceased Leo and Clark. He visited the families in person and placed them under the protection of the Actors' Fund. Miner said he viewed the benefit from a different standpoint. Mrs. Langtry's company, being an English company, had shown their generosity in offering the benefit, which they would have done under any circumstances, even though the Fund had announced its intention of caring for the families. He did not approve of the manner in which subscription lists were passed about in the greenrooms of the theatres, but thought that the Fund would not be justified in interfering in any manner with the promoters of the beneficent enterprise. This ended the discussion.

Mr. Miner moved that the Secretary be instructed to make a report of all expenditures of money since the organization of the Fund. Mr. Palmer proposed, as an amendment, that the Secretary make monthly reports, to be published in the papers, which was carried. Mr. Frohman stated that a number of unjust imputations had been made against the Fund by alleged members of the profession through the public press. For the benefit of those present, as well as all members of the profession, he wished to state that all such charges were without any foundation whatever. All applications which have been made to the Executive Committee were promptly attended to, and the complaints evidently came from disappointed and undeserving parties who were unable to reach the Fund.

Then the President appointed a committee of three to consider the question of next Spring's benefits. After some desultory talk the trustees adjourned to meet again Thursday of the week.

—Oscar Wilde has postponed his trip. He says the reason is that he cannot overcome the remnants of a cold. He still greet him now and then.

PROVINCIAL.



BOSTON.

Robson and Crane are playing to packed houses at the Globe, the orchestra giving their seats to the audience every evening. Forbidden Fruit has not been played for five years, and many have never witnessed the play, consequently laughter and applause reigned supreme. Robson and Crane, as Dove and Buster, are remarkable for their naturalness, and notwithstanding the farcical and absurd situations in which the dramatic places them, they always carry themselves with a quaint dignity and straightforwardness that is quite irresistible. Al Lipman made an excellent Capt. Derringer. Leonora Bradley gave a bright and pleasing performance of Mrs. Dove, and one who will soon be a bright light in the theatrical firmament. The supporting co. was wretched. Miss Levere ranted and stamped in a fearful manner as Grace. Miss Hilson had not the faintest idea of Lady Janet Roy, playing the part in a dead, noisy style. The gentlemen of the cast were monotonous, dull and twangy. Business fair. This week, Blanche Correll in Arctic.

Baker and Farron drew large crowds at the Howard last week in Max Muller and Chris and Lena. These actors are legion. Music and Zio are now thrashing; but it does not seem to make any difference with the public, judging by the nightly attendance. This week is Lotta's last, and she appears in The Little Detective. The audiences that assemble at the Museum to witness Romany Rye will continue large and enthusiastic. No change of bill for the present.

Lillian Cleves made her first appearance in Boston for five years at the Windsor as Mercy Merrick in The New Magdalen. Miss Cleves is a very neat and smart actress, and one who will soon be a bright light in the theatrical firmament. The supporting co. was wretched. Miss Levere ranted and stamped in a fearful manner as Grace. Miss Hilson had not the faintest idea of Lady Janet Roy, playing the part in a dead, noisy style. The gentlemen of the cast were monotonous, dull and twangy. Business fair. This week, Blanche Correll in Arctic.

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broad grin; a man whom the gallery gods adore more than Buffalo Bill; Frank Finney turn Republican, and lastly, the man, woman or child who does not admire The Mirror in its new dress.—E. Rosenbaum leaves for Europe last night, and will appear with the Rentz-Santley burlesques at Amsterdam, June 17.—My predecessor on The Mirror is recovering from an attack of diphtheria, has come and gone.—This said the picture of Prof. Rumsey, the P. F., killed it.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Nov. 20.
To-night Bartley Campbell's play, My Geraldine, will be produced at the California. It is an Irish drama, and one of some merits—so 'tis said. Georgia Cayvan plays the principal female role, that of Geraldine, while Maurice Ardelt, the hero of the piece, will be personated by Gustavus Levick. Miss Cayvan has established herself as a favorite with our public, as has also little Miss Mills, who as yet is quite a novice. Miss Sylvester in her previous visits to the Coast, and with the exception of one who saw her, as an actress of great emotional power. She is cast as Mary Carroll in My Geraldine. The play will keep the boards but one week. On the 27th Bartley Campbell's new play, Siberia, will be produced for the first time on any stage, under the management of Miss Freeman. It will be produced with splendid stage effects and a grand ballet, with Mlle. Cornalba as premiere. It is not yet settled as to whether Siberia will be the holiday attraction, but it looks that way now.

The minstrel have played to the business all the week. Emerson heads the minstrel profession, for in graceful and character imitations we have never had his equal. Charles Reed's latest parody was very funny, and Charles should feel flattered at the very thought of his name being mentioned in connection with the co. acquire themselves creditably. The bill is this week. The Coggill Bros. in their specialty act, "Dat's My Mudder," the California Quartette in their selections (which are always good and well rendered); Fred Maitre, who personates, Ferguson and the Bould McIntyre, "Don't Judge a Poor Girl by her Feet," and "Walsingham Mcweeney," the bill to conclude with Reed's afterpiece, The Somaumbulist, in which most of the co. take part.

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Olivette, 20th, remainder of week. The second week of the co. will open with the Mascotte. Business has been very good. En passant, this handsome theatre is most admirably adapted to the production of the play. The acoustics are splendid, the stage large and convenient, and the auditorium admirably arranged for the comfort of its patrons.

Grand Opera House (Brooks, Conner and Norton, lessees) has been closed for two weeks, this cosy and beautiful theatre again opened its doors, 10th, with Marion Elmore in Chispa. This bright little lady long ago made hosts of friends in this city by her sprightly acting in burlesque and comedy, and the business has been very good. The other members of the co. acquire themselves creditably. The bill is this week. The Coggill Bros. in their specialty act, "Dat's My Mudder," the California Quartette in their selections (which are always good and well rendered); Fred Maitre, who personates, Ferguson and the Bould McIntyre, "Don't Judge a Poor Girl by her Feet," and "Walsingham Mcweeney," the bill to conclude with Reed's afterpiece, The Somaumbulist, in which most of the co. take part.

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of Strauss' delightful opera, was ill last week, but has recovered.—A young society lady of this city, it is said about to adopt the stage. Her name has not yet been given to the public, but it is said to appear first in New York, in a play written by H. Grattan Donnelly, author of The Quaker's Daughter. The piece is entitled The Ragged Edge.—Manager Holmes is rapidly filling time for the season of 1884-5. He has secured the Grand Opera House, the Colonnade, and the Grand Opera House. The Colonnade refused the offer.—The Langtry fever has given several of our pretty Philadelphia belles a strong desire to appear in private theatricals, and amateur acting promises to be the next craze.

ST. LOUIS.

Olympic Theatre (Charles A. Spalding, manager): Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels have done a splendid week's business, and the entertainment was one of the best of its kind ever given in St. Louis. The acts, and other features were new, and novel. George H. Adams' Humpty Dumpty, 26th.

Grand Opera House (John W. Norton, manager): Mary Anderson had her usual week's good business, appearing as Galatea, the Countess, Parthenia, Juliet, Pauline, and Berthe. John T. Raymond in Paradise, 26th.

People's Theatre (W. H. Smith, manager): M. B. Leavitt's Specialty co. did a good business. The entertainment was about average. John A. Stevens in Passion's Slave, 26th.

Pope's Theatre (Charles R. Pope, manager): Kate Claxton and company filled out a week of excellent business with the Two Orphans. The only break in the programme was on day evening, when the Double Marriage was presented by the Double Marriage, Vaders, Charles Stevenson, M. P. Clifton and Edward Arnot was excellent. Kiralfy's Around the World, 27th.

Items: The first concert of the St. Louis Musical Union took place at the hall of the new Armory Thursday evening, 23rd. The attendance numbered 250, and the event was a great success. Messrs. A. Waldauer and Dabney Carr were the directors.—Prof. William Cromwell closes his series of art journeys this week at Association Hall. The attendance during the series has not been what it should have been, but the series has been made arrangements to give a week's performance for the Police Aid Fund, the same to take place at the People's Theatre. Shortly—Manager Charles A. Spalding, of the Olympic, and his wife, have gone home to Saugerties, N. Y., for the holiday. The manager, John W. Norton, in managerial command of both the Olympic and Grand Opera House.—Salvini begins his engagement at Pope's Dec. 4.—Charlotte Thompson returns to the People's Theatre Dec. 3. As spoken of, the week's performances will be the current week's business. Manager W. C. Mitchell, of the People's, speaks of giving up the Lingard starring tour and going into management at Toronto.—The Elks have engaged George Alfred Townsend to lecture for them, and he will come here next week.

CHICAGO.

The most notable event of the week has been the engagement of the Union Square co. at the Grand Opera House. Three plays have been given, viz., The Dancheffs, Daniel Rochat, and The False Friend, and all have been witnessed by crowded houses. Charles R. Horne has been the star in all three, and his parts have been ably taken by Joseph Whiting and Frederic de Belleville. The latter gentleman, in False Friend, gave a strong, even performance, that entitles him to especial praise. Sara Jewett, having recovered from her recent illness, has returned to the stage, and Rochat, and contributed not a little to the success of the week by her artistic portrayal of Anna and Lea. This week, Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels, to be followed by Minnie Palmer.

At McVicker's Theatre, the Dancheffs have drawn good houses to see him in the quaint character of Josh Whitcomb, and will remain during current week. On Dec. 4, the Square Man, with Ben Maginley as the star.

At Haverly's Theatre, the Kiralfys have done a good two weeks' business; but they hope to "beat an 'em" will next season find something new to present instead of the everlasting Eighty Days and Black Rock. The Romany Rye commences an indefinite engagement this week. If it catches on, it is for three or four weeks.

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</

NEW YORK MIRROR

NEW YORK, DEC. 2, 1882.

Abraham, Ed. J.
Almberg, Gustav
Alden, Marie
Adams, Gracie
Acker, Marie
Benton, Z. N.
Burke, Chas. A.
Burnett, J. H.
Bonds, J. H.
Byron, Oliver Theo.
Burt, Monk.
Baum, I. F.
Bishop, Mrs C. B. (a)
Bishop, N. N.
Barbour, C. N. (a)
Barnes, John
Burt, E. A.
Bloom, Ed. A. (a)
Baum, W. W.
Brown, F. A. (a)
Brown, E. B.
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
McC
Caulman, Alex.
Clair, May
Carson, Emma (a)
Conley, J. P.
Carr, B. B.
Clapham, Harry
Claybury, E.
Chapman, J. M. (a)
Cogley, W. C. (a)
Cherish, Adelaide
Coughlan, Ann
Cous Douglas, Annie
Don, Laura (a)
Eira, C. E.
Ebert, D. D.
Forrester, Fannie
Freeman, Lottie
Floyd, Mgr.
Freeman, Chas.
Freeman, Max
Frohman, Gus.
Gardiner, Frank L.
Gaudner, Harry
Gill, William
Gray, Mlle
Howe, J. S.
Haskins, Florence
Harkins, W. S.
Harkins, W. S. (a)
Hickey, J. M.
Hall, Pauline
Hinton, S. H. (a)
Hirsch, J. M.
Harrison, Alice
Halsey, Ed.
Hoey, George
Hosford, Amelia (a)
Hosford, Fred. (a)
Hart, Felix
Hall, Fannie
Hunter, Adelaide Warren. The
Hunt, Jolynt of the
Hunt, George of the
extended at
the H. E. N.
Herrmann, Mgr.
Henderson, A.
Irwin, Mrs. Selden
Lyce, Lillian
Nick, John
Hofferson, Joseph
Hickman, J. J.
Jackson, C. J.
Keefer, Geo. W.
Kreissig, Hans
Kimbald, Jennie
Knap, Ed. and Mrs.
Larkin, J. M.

Lansing, Wm.
Lewis, Jeffreys
Leavitt, M. B.
Lombard, Prof Louis
McConnell, Dean
Maretzek, Dean
Marston, Lewis
Marston; Lawrence
Marion, Jas. Arnold
McWatters, J. T.
Morris, Isador
Montgomery, Salome
Morgan, Gibbs
Murray, C. C.
Moretti, Elean
McNeil, Fanny
McCartney, Harry
Miner Opera Co., Mgr.
Morrissey, J. W.
McAuley, Barney (a)
Muldener, Louise
McKenzie, Lucie
Maguire, B. B.
Murilla, Edith
McCulloch, E. J.
Marks, J. J.
Newhall, Mang. J.
Newwood, Marion
Ough, W. J. &
Owen, Walter
Paulding, Fred.
Paulding, Geo. S.
Pastore, C. M.
Pilling, Frank (a)
Pitos, A.
Raguel, Alex. (a)
Reilly, J. H.
Russell, J. H.
Raymond, J. T.
Rogers, Katherine
Reynolds, Carrie
Rick, E. E. (a)
Reed, Eleanor
Kaefer, Frank
Rickaby, John
Rich, H. H.
Roon, William
Robinson, Bell
Robinson, Fred.
Robertson, A. B.
Salvestor, Henrietta
Stembler, May
Sibson, Will
Snowden, F. T.
Shannon and Lamb
Strachan, M.
Southard, J. J.
Spear, Howard
Sargent, H. J.
Temple, Edward
Townsend, Lee
Thorp, F. E.
Thorp, F. E. Carrie
19th, was the seventieth birthda
Tanner, Jennie
Thomson, Marion
Van Leer, Sarah
Verona, Saidee
Verne, Buzla
Walker, D. F.
Ward, Mrs. J. F.
Wilde, Oscar
Woodhull, H. S.
Williams, Gus
Wait, Chas. B.
Witherell, Eugene
Ward, Samuel
Weldro, Lizzie
Young, Manager
Young, Miss M. L.

They Don't Like It.

The mamma, ample in bust, rotund of face and gorgeous as to raiment, seats herself in her box with an air of enjoyment which is, to say the least, on a par with her "company manners" and put on her velvet robe and diamonds. She has any time prefer to go to the Madison Theatre and look at one of those comedians that recall her days of school. When "Pater" came a-courting her, he had no stocks nor of shares, but she was the joy of their meetings. When "Pater" came a-courting her, she was the joy of their meetings, but she don't like it. When "Pater" came a-courting her, she was the joy of their meetings, but she don't like it. When "Pater" came a-courting her, she was the joy of their meetings, but she don't like it.

Some Critics of To-day.

Another phase of criticism nowadays is the anecdotal or scandal-mongering. This indulges in personalities more or less offensive and seasoned to suit the taste of the prurient of the public. Miss So-and-So's *liaisons*, Mr. What's-his-Name's inebriety, and such little toothsome morsels of gossip are the staple of this mode, and the nastier the flavor the more they are the morsels appreciated and rolled deliciously under the tongue. Criticism, pure and simple, should deal with other things than these. It is the province of the true critic to lead the public "taste" toward that which is good, not to drag it into the mire of scandalous gossip. The critical column should be inscribed with truth, and not with falsehood. It should stand upright, and not lean, like the tower

Intrusive Intermeddling.

Meantime these plans were somewhat upset by our managers, who held a meeting, adopted an equally good scheme—all essentials conforming to that originated by ourselves—and commenced raising money as fast as they could. For this latter consideration we forgave their somewhat precipitate and unceremonious mode of procedure. Since then they have gone

Theatrical Hygiene.

There is a chance that Langtry will be seen by the Californians. Mark Mayer left "Frisco" the other night to arrange for Nilsson's forthcoming appearance out there. He is empowered to make a June date for the Lily. He finds a violent desire among the inhabitants to judge of her "points" for themselves.

WOOD.—N. S. Wood, whose face serves as THE MIRROR frontispiece this week; is the youngest male star on the boards. Although his line of acting is the sensational, yet for a short time he was a member of the leading stock company in this country—Wallack's. He played Anatole, in A Scrap of Paper—and played it so well that when the piece was revived he was asked to again assume the part. But the youthful actor had betaken himself to starrng in the sensational and made the mistake of his life by declining the flattering request. One of his best assumptions in the legitimate is that of Poor Jo,

The Usher.



In Ushering
Mend him who can't—The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

I think Marie Prescott's information regarding the purchase of Oscar Wilde's play, printed a fortnight since in these columns, was premature. Meeting Mr. Wilde on Fifth avenue the other day the subject came up, and he said the MS. had not left his hands. I suppose the matter is still in abeyance. The negotiations, if carried out, would be a good thing for both parties. Vera, I understand, is an exceptionally clever play, and Miss Prescott is an exceptionally clever player. Such a combination of cleverness, if brought about, ought to succeed.

Yesterday a manager went to the District Messenger "call" in THE MIRROR office to summon a boy. Looking over the card of directions tacked beneath, he suddenly exclaimed: "Hello! this must refer to Rogers." The line calling forth the exclamation was this:

CAUTION! Do not touch the Crank while in motion. Copies of that card should be conspicuously posted in country editorial sanctums along My Sweetheart's route for the special guidance and instruction of the innocuous inmates.

No doubt our people are apt to make fools of themselves now and then over an English curiosity. But it is a democratic asininity. It takes in with equal gusto a sentimental elephant or an overrated professional beauty. The *furor* such importations create is not lasting. Under the glare of the heat and ferment it fades away as quickly as the photographer's proof when exposed to the rays of the sun. One hears a great deal about Langtry just now; but one doesn't hear much about Jumbo. Yet Jumbo was the more genuine and satisfactory curiosity of the two. The foolishness that made the monster elephant the craze, not long ago, makes the Jersey Lily the craze now. Such crazes are as fluctuating as fashion—which is fluctuating enough, Lord knows! While they last shrewd managers make money and credulous people spend it. The exchange is fair, and nobody except the grumbler who talks about "desecrating art" has a right to complain. He isn't heeded, however, for his voice—being very feeble—is drowned by the noise of the tom-toms outside the show and the shouts of the curious throng that crowds around and pays its money because the drums are beaten so loud.

When it comes down to solid ground—to the acceptance or rejection of foreign plays or actors that are sent out here to be judged upon their merits, the American public usually shows discrimination and sound judgment. The precedent of English reputation militates against rather than assists them here. Planquette's *Rip Van Winkle* was produced two months ago in London, and it is continuing still to a succession of crowded houses; for in the words of Charles Millward—whose chatty letter from the British Capital will be found elsewhere as corollary to Howard Paul's—"It is the best thing we have had in the shape of comic opera, and the music has a delightful sparkle throughout." New York seems to think differently, for it voted *Rip* a bore, and the management found it policy to shelve it after an inglorious duration of not quite four weeks. So it was here with *Manteaux Noirs*, the *Vicar of Bray*, *Mankind*, *Taken From Life*, *The Member From Slocum*, *The Parvenu* and a half-dozen more English successes which have proved American failures in spite of the sumptuous productions given them by our managers. Bearing these pieces in mind, it cannot truthfully be urged that our people are willing to bow down to and worship everything that the English have bowed down to and worshipped, without first exercising their common sense in an intelligent and unbiased investigation into the justice of its claim to recognition and support. The really meritorious British contributions to our amusement, such as Gilbert and Sullivan's charming operas, Byron's comedies and the better class of spectacular melodramas, win triumphs here incomparably greater than they secure in the land from which they are sent us. *Pinafore*, *The Pirates*, *Patience*, *The World, Youth and Lights* of London have enjoyed with us a popularity unequalled in the old country.

No one is quicker to acknowledge good in anything that contains it than the average citizen of these United States.

S. M. Hickey's clever comedians, Barry and Fay, will present Irish Aristocracy at the Academy Thanksgiving Day and evening. These performances will be the only ones given by this party here for some time, and the opportunity should not be lost of seeing what is pronounced in the principal provincial places one of the funniest plays acted by two of the funniest players of the age.

Success crowned the inaugural dinner of the Stuyvesant Club Sunday night. The *menu* was capital, the speeches few and brief and the members and guests, while buttoning up their ulsters to go into the snowy streets, after it was over, unanimously agreed they had never enjoyed themselves so much in their life. I do not believe a club has ever begun operations under more thoroughly gratifying circumstances. To begin with, there were no gaps at table—every man who had signified his intention of being present was there. The diners were skilfully seated so that the current of good-fellowship and harmony would flow unrestrainedly around and around the festive mahogany. There was a fine absence of inharmonious elements, and the room rang with laughter and merry talk all the evening. The thoroughly informal manner observed by everybody was exactly what the organizers of the Stuyvesant had hoped to see. The plan of gathering congenial men who neither affected "sassiness" nor "bohemian" rowdiness worked admirably, the mean line being distinctly and intuitively drawn by those present.

At President Aronson's right sat Joaquin Miller, the foremost American poetic genius, and at his left sat Blakeley Hall, one of the editors of the *Sun*. Next Miller was James L. Howard, Appraiser of the Port. (It is well he was not Appraiser of the Sherry, for in that case he would have exposed the only weak point of Restaurateur Neumüller's repast.) Between Mr. Howard, and jolly Fred Lyster your humble servant was comfortably sandwiched. Further along was Barrett Van Auken, Commodore Garrison's grandson, and a very agreeable man. Joseph Haworth of the McCullough company, Frederick Paulding and Messrs. Bain, Keene, Deedy, King, Ford, Chase, Stine, McGuckin and Oscar Weil of the *Critic* were a few who I spied down at the other end of the long table laughing at Dr. Robertson's sallies of hot Scotch wit and returning Rolands for his Olivers. After coffee the President indulged in a few pleasant remarks to which Mr. Howard responded on behalf of the invited guests. A misapprehension of the purposes of the club caused this gentleman to switch off the right track for a few moments. That brought the doughty Highlander to his feet, in a few words very conclusively demonstrating that the Stuyvesant is not, as charged, an epicurean body. Then the speechifying was wisely choked off, and Joaquin Miller delivered in inimitable style his serio-comic poem about the betrothal, separation and final reunion of Mary Jane and William Brown. It was received with shouts of laughter. Next Paulding gave a dramatic recitation which displayed his dramatic force and elocutionary accomplishments excellently well. Following this came a comic song by Fred Lyster. Poor Brougham's "Rale Ould Irish Gentleman" never sounded funnier. Lyster wouldn't respond to an *encore*. He said his stock of ditties was limited—he would save the others for future occasions. Haworth recited "Shamus O'Brien" magnificently, and then after many good stories had been told and some recitations given, the club dispersed, highly elated with the hit made by their first dinner.

The complement of fifty members is nearly reached, forty-two names being now enrolled. The Executive Committee meets once a week to receive proposals for membership. Within a month the Stuyvesant will have a permanent habitation of its own wherein to receive its friends. This is just the sort of club for the right sort of actors, and I hope to see those already in the enjoyment of membership reinforced by others.

Randolph T. Purdy was not favored with seats for the first night of *Iolanthe*. The cause alleged was that brilliant (haired) critic's officiousness at the rehearsal Friday night when he went behind the scenes at the Standard. His conduct aroused the ire of D'Oyly Carte's representative, who insisted that the young man should be cut off the free-list by Manager Henderson. This was done accordingly, and Randolph had to get his ticket from a speculator.

While heartily concurring with the management's objection to Purdy and to his alleged misconduct at the rehearsal, I do not think they took the proper action in the matter. A stout carpenter in force on the stage—that would have disposed of him easily—had suppressed the fresh young man if he insisted on violating the regulations of the matter for the moment. Then, instead of cutting off the *Star* from the critics' list, Miss Lenoir should have called down town and ex-

plained matters to its editor, stated the reason for refusing to admit Purdy, and arranged that a notice written by some other member of the staff, or no notice at all, should appear on Sunday morning. As it is, the manageress has administered a gross and unprovoked insult to the *Star* without provocation, when she only intended to subject its criticaster to the snubbing he evidently deserved. The snubbed, I observe, weakly retaliated by a par. in the *Man About Town* column in his paper, attacking Carte on the strength of the moderate salaries that gentleman's chorus receive. Very small potatoes that.

Starting for the Provinces.

Time—10 A. M. Place—Forty-second Street Depot. *Dramatis Personæ*—A combination outward bound; baggage still undiminished; hope brightening each face.

The leading lady in a sealskin sacque, diamond ear-rings and terra-cotta gloves, satchel with monogram in silver, and a toque of velvet, with a bird of prey—"Siègeant," as the heralds call it. The heavy lady in black silk, with a derby hat, a cloak of plush, strong boots, and an alligator-skin gripsack. The walking lady in gray cloak, slim boots, gloves à la Suède, and close bonnet, with a travelling bag of black velvet. The soubrette in a Mother Hubbard cloak, a polo cap, a jacket with outside pockets, and a jaunty reticule of Russia leather with a snap to it. The old woman in faded black, with a bottle. The leading man in ulster, flat hat, dogskin gloves, and all complete, even to the monocular dangling by a film of silk, and looking hungrily at the soubrette's satchel, which he will offer to carry at the first stopping-place, thereby making himself solid with the fair owner. The juvenile man in Paget coat, with three buttons, a cane with a shepherd's crook to it, and yellow-topped boots, ogling the leading lady, who, absorbed in "maiden meditation fancy free," is thinking of the manager, and wastes no looks on smaller fry. The comedian, all in black, as becomes his lugubrious avocation, with fishy eye, stolidly staring at the heavy woman, whom he admires immensely on account of the severity of her demeanor and the weight of her voice. And the old man, in gray, reminiscent of Forrest, William Rufus Blake, Burton and Placide.

Lastly the star!!! in satin-lined coat, button-hole bouquet, gold-topped cane, dangling watch-ribbon with a gold seal, diamond pin, kid gloves and fifty-cent cigar. "The glass of fashion and the mould of form, the observed of all observers," he traverses the cars like a monarch and only deigns to cast a passing glance on the most favored of his train. To the walking lady he is "the god of her idolatry," and she will think of him by day and dream of him by night, all through the tour. Ah! if he would only carry her satchel how happy would she be; but that is too much to hope for. An approving smile, a nod, a gracious "How do?" is rapture enough for her. She has learned to adore in silence and to worship from afar off. Still, who knows what the chops and changes of a long season on the road, with lots of one-night stands, may bring forth, and stars of the first magnitude have descended from their spheres even to carry satchels before now. A falling star is no uncommon sight. Why should a condensing one be impossible?

Meanwhile, gentle Desdemona, study your part, and hope on, hope ever, a bell; a rumble, a rush, a scream, and the combination is off on the road—pray Heaven to prosper on its way, and to come back *en voiture*, and not on their uppers.

Nilsson and Langtry.

The reader may mark it down as an accomplished fact that the "Jersey Lily," from a dramatic point of view, is a failure. No foreign artist ever landed on our shores amid such a blare of trumpets or was heralded, puffed and exaggerated like the English beauty, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, stimulated perhaps by the crumbs from the manager's table, have joined in the acclaim; but one sees the inevitable result. Curiosity has been satiated; the actress turns out to be little more than an amateur; the best society does not take her to its arms, and if she remained in New York much longer the probability is that she would play to "a beggarly account of empty boxes." The Yankee public is not altogether a fool. While recognizing merit, it will not be humbugged by a photograph. Financially, therefore, the speculation of Mr. Abbey may be regarded as one that he is not likely to repeat with the same person as his bright particular star.

On the other hand, in Christine Nilsson, who is also under his enterprising management, one recognizes the potency of the real magnet that is attracting to her presence wherever she appears the best of our people, the cream of our society, its wealth, culture and refinement—the thousands who with an honest interest take the great *diva* to their hearts and bow with admiration at the shrine which she illumines with her genius. Wherever Nilsson has thus far appeared the record that comes to us from the press is one of unbought tribute. It tells us of the spontaneity of real enthusiasm, of the triumphs of a great artist, of the affectionate and unselfish attachment that exists, and never has been forgotten, between a peerless singer who has come from the people and the people themselves. No need of the essence of royalty there; no need of the glamour of artificial light; no need of anything but the simple announcement of the fact that Christine Nilsson is to "sing the old songs again"—that is enough.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to Us from Everywhere.

Large Sale of Seats.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PETERSBURG, Va., Nov. 28.—The Wilbur Opera company rendered The Mascotte last night to a very large and enthusiastic audience. The sale of seats for Esmeralda indicates the largest house of the season Thanksgiving night.

The Girl That I Love.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 28.—Elliott Barnes' latest success, The Girl That I Love, was given at Bull's Opera House last night. W. H. Fitzgerald and Daisy Ramsden made hits.

Every Seat Sold.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 28.—Every seat is sold for Esmeralda to-night—something very unusual here.

Keene in Georgia.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ATHENS, Ga., Nov. 28.—Three hundred and ninety-two seats were sold in two hours for Keene's appearance in Macbeth to-night.

An Interruption to Nip and Tuck.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 28.—Owing to the continued illness of little Carrie Webber, her father, Harry Webber, has been compelled to cancel a week's dates. The child plays an important part in Nip and Tuck. The company will remain in Buffalo week of Dec. 4, rehearsing Flint and Steel. They play in that city Nov. 29-30.

Romany Rye in the West.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Romany Rye was produced at Haverly's last night. The full house displayed little enthusiasm. The Thatcher-Primrose Minstrels drew a good house at the Grand. Den Thompson drew fairly at the opening of his second week. The Danites is on at Hooley's, and drew a medium house last night.

A Flattering Prospect for Rhea.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

DETROIT, Nov. 28.—Geistinger had a large house at the Detroit last night. Edouin ditto at Whitney's. There was not even standing room at the Park, where the Rentz-Santley company will make things lively for a week. Advance sale for the Rhea engagement is very great.

Ovation to a Manager.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ST. PAUL, Nov. 28.—The Boston Ideals gave a sacred concert for the benefit of Manager Charles Hains, at the Opera House, on Sunday night. It was a grand affair—a perfect ovation. The receipts were the largest ever taken in St. Paul.

Leavitt's Giganteans.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, N. Y., Nov. 28.—Leavitt's Giganteans made a great hit last night with their burlesque Patience. The house was large.

The Damrosch Concert Tour.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 28.—The Damrosch concert drew a very large audience to Music Hall—the *Nite* of the city. Rhea had a grand house last night, and every seat is sold for to-night. The star's hold upon our public is secure.

Only an "Amachure."

We were in Hobart Town, Tasmania. We were an opera company, and had sung at the theatre of that beautiful little town for two weeks with tolerable success; that is, we did not lose much more than a couple of hundred pounds in the fortnight's engagement during which we played a new opera every night, three times a week in Italian and three times in English. We were individually great pets with the Tasmanian public, principally consisting of ex-convicts, or "government men," as they are called out there, and we used to meet of a night, after the opera was over, most of the choice spirits of the town, at a tavern called the "White Hart," kept by a little man by the name of Johnny McGrath, who had been transported from London, some thirty years before, for picking pockets; but who bore an unblemished character in Hobart Town as a worthy man and a good citizen whose honesty was beyond reproach.

Johnny, however, was not averse to displaying his dexterity to a few chosen friends of an evening, when they were seated before the ample fire of logs, on old-fashioned English settles. One evening we were all assembled when the talk drifted toward the old country, as England is always called in the colonies, and sundry stories of adventure, more or less creditable to the narrators, were told. After some very stiff yarns had been spun and equally stiff horns of grog had been emptied, one of the party began to chaff Johnny about his former exploits. The artist-spirit rose in Johnny, the sacred fire burned in his soul, and he offered to bet drinks round that he would abstract from the person of any one in the

company any number of articles stowed away in pocket, purse or on person.

The wager was taken up, and a big, stout man, Jim Kitts by name, the second-bass of our company, was adorned with a watch in each pocket, a breast-pin, two snuff-boxes, several coins, half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, and other trifles too numerous to mention. The investiture being complete, we returned to our muttons, and drank, smoked and joked as before. Half an hour or thereabouts had passed, and we grew impatient for the fun to begin.

"Hullo, Johnny," said one, "when does the 'fakement' commence?"

"What fakement?" asked Johnny.

"Why, the priggish 'fakement'."

Johnny stepped out into the centre like a showman, and said, with the true professional smirk, "Will the gentlemen see what he has got upon his person?" Kitts put his hand in his waistcoat pocket—no watch was there. He tried his cravat—the pin was gone! His breeches pockets yielded no snuff-boxes, the coins had vanished, and the pocket handkerchiefs were absent. Tableau I.

"Molly!" cried Johnny to his wife, who was at the outer bar, "Molly, bring in the 'till.' Molly obeyed, and in that depository were found all the articles. Tableau II.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny, "believe me, I don't do this professionally. At present I am only an amachure!"

Lillian Russell's Illness.



Tuesday afternoon we received the following communication from Lillian Russell's mother:

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.
EDITOR NEW YORK MIRROR:
The accepted rules of etiquette among theatrical people demand that when an important member of a company be seriously ill, it be officially announced by the manager, that justice be done both the public and the non-appearing professional.

Lillian Russell, the Allie in *The Sorcerer* at the Bijou Opera House, has been dangerously ill two weeks, and yet no announcement has been made through the press. This fact has created some unkind criticism and much unpleasant curiosity. It is not unusual for singers to be troubled with bronchial affection, and Miss Russell is subject to trouble of this kind in damp, unwholesome weather. She has never shirked her duty, but on the contrary appeared in her rôle even when she could not do justice to herself in singing. After her first attack she returned to her work much too soon, which was the occasion of her present illness. I am happy to state she is mending, and we hope will soon be able to assume her duties.

CYNTHIA LEONARD.

To learn of the exact condition of the prima donna a reporter called upon Dr. T. S. Robertson, who is attending her, last evening.

"Miss Russell," he said, "is quite ill; there can be no two opinions as to that. She is suffering from a low form of intermittent fever with typhoid symptoms. She has been treated by other physicians previously; but I have nothing to say about their treatment. When I was called in on Monday I found her with a high pulse and high temperature, and suffering greatly from general debility. She was unable to leave her bed; in fact, scarcely able to raise her head. Her previous illness was caused by acute tonsillitis, which prevented her from singing. This is still quite bad. I cannot give the exact time when she will again be able to appear upon the stage; but even with a rapid recovery it will be two or three weeks at least before she can sing again. She has always had difficulty with her throat, and it might have been likely that her previous illness was caused by constant rehearsals; but her present illness is in no sense due to any overwork. She worries a great deal about herself and about the report that there has been trouble between herself and Mr. McCaull. She assured me that there was not the slightest trouble between herself and her manager."

J. Z. Little has been advertising his *Against the World*, as *The World*, in the West. While in Louisville lately, Manager Dickson, of Brooks and Dickson, obtained a temporary injunction to prevent Little from using *The World* as the title of his play, and finally got out an order to have Little remove his advertisements from the papers, and to cover his bills. Mr. Little failed to obey this order and was arrested for contempt of court. He then promised to sin no more and was released. Mr. Dickson obtained a permanent injunction on Monday last, and Mr. Little will have to cease advertising *The World* hereafter, willy-nilly.

The Carrie Stanley combination is continuing its depredations on copyrights. Hazek Kirke, *Divorce* and *Les Amours* repertoire.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, Nov. 11, 1882.

James Willing, Jr., although a busy man, contrives to find time to write dramas—and great, big, long dramas at that. He is the well-known and enterprising advertising agent of the Strand, and, report says, does an enormous business. Two years ago he brought out *Delilah*, which enjoyed long runs at several theatres; and now he has produced at the Standard Theatre a "new and original sensational and emotional drama in a prologue, five acts and six tableaux," entitled *The Ruling Passion*. Mr. Willing's plot is complicated, but East end audiences rather enjoy the unravelling of dramatic mysteries, and the author has so managed the development of his story that the interest of the play is maintained until the fall of the curtain. He arranges, also, that the defeat of, in this case, peculiarly atrocious villainy, shall be entirely thorough. The fullest possible dramatic justice is done upon evil-doers, and the trump of the ill-used heroine is set forth beyond all possibility of doubt, much to the satisfaction of the impressionable public in this part of the town. In the prologue we have an installment of the horrible in the brutal murder of a father and daughter. The man who commits the crime is Gerald Swain (E. Leathes), married to Laura Doane, daughter of Jasper Doane (A. Rayner), a miser, who has left all his money to his other daughter, Minnie. Laura and Minnie are twin sisters, with the usual strong resemblance. Gerald comes to the old man's house and stabs him when he attempts to retain possession of his will. Minnie, who tries to shield her father, is also killed. Six years are supposed to pass between the prologue and the drama. Gerald shuts his wife up in a private asylum, gives out that she is dead, buries Minnie for her and marries a rich widow, Mrs. Ashbrook (Miss D'Almaine), with a daughter, Diana (Miss R. Evelyn). Gerald has a friend and companion in wickedness, one Nat Grey (Arthur Goodrich), who, knowing of old Jasper Doane's murder, insists upon sharing the plunder. Gerald arranges that he shall marry Diana and have her money. That is enough for Grey, who passes himself off as David Doane, son of Jasper. The girl resists the matrimonial arrangement, and, in the meantime, Laura Swaine escapes from the mad-house, kept by a vile, plausible, but cruel wretch, calling himself Dr. Durning (Mr. Odell). The scene of the first act is laid at the end of Piccadilly, near the park. A stage representation is given of a "wet night." A hansom cab, a four-wheeler, and a real Chelsea omnibus and a pair of horses loaded with a number of people, supposed to be on their way to the Crystal Palace for the Fête, are brought on the stage. This is realism with a vengeance, and it brings down the act-drop with loud applause. Laura is chased about; but this time does appear to be captured. In the next act she is seen acting as governess in Mrs. Ashbrook's house. She has gained admission in this assumed character for the purpose of seeing her little daughter (Katie Neville) once more. The maternal instinct causes her to discover herself to her child. This scene, though different in motive, somewhat recalls one in the drama of East Lynne. At the end of the act, and in order to stop the marriage between Diana and Grey, alias David Doane, Laura tears off her disguise and proclaims herself the wife of the bigamist, Gerald Swaine. In act the third the scene shows Dr. Durning's private room, with a punishment cell adjoining. Laura, tattered and torn in a struggle to recapture her, is treated by this villainous doctor and his supposed wife with extreme brutality. She is hauled about, thrown down on the bare floor, and is finally pulled up by the wrists until she faints from exhaustion. The craving for sensationalism may be strong, but it would be as well to stop short of horrors such as this. There she stands, her feet resting on a low stool, and her arms stretched upward, until Harry Manley (Mr. H. Coneney), a young sailor, seeing her through a grating, and taking her for his sweetheart, the murdered Minnie, breaks in, cuts her down, gags the cruel matron and rescues the victim of all this villainy. Her troubles are, however, by no means over. She attends the Forrester's Fête at the Crystal Palace. Gerald Swaine and Nat Grey, with that old scoundrel, the mad-house proprietor, are there. Laura is again chased about, and as a last resource takes refuge in the car of a balloon. The ropes break, and away she goes on an aerial voyage. A man hangs on to the car and ascends with her into the clouds. Taking it for granted this is another enemy, she belabors his hands and compels him to let go. Down he drops, and so eventually does the balloon, into the English Channel. Laura's death seems imminent; but by a lucky chance the Dover steamer is not far off. A boat puts off, and she is rescued just in time, to the intense relief of the audience. This strange incident is said to be founded on the escape of the French aeronauts, M. and Madame Durouf, in 1864. In the fifth act things are cleared up. Laura Swaine had her father's will with her in the balloon, and has it still. It is, however, wrenched from her by Grey in Gerald Swaine's city office. He incautiously leaves his revolver on the table, and she, of course, takes it up. He is now at her mercy; she devotes two of the bullets to him and hits him both times. He sees that he must either be finished on the spot or give up the will. She at last recovers it; he is arrested and so is Gerald Swaine, on the charge of murder. So ends the piece, and it will perhaps be seen from this brief sketch of the plot that the drama does not belie its title of "sensational." The author was twice called on during the evening to receive congratulations, and there is certainly enough of excitement in *The Ruling Passion* to satisfy the requirements of that exacting play-goer demanding from the stage an immediate relief from what is sometimes described as the monotony of everyday life.

The Court Theatre opens next week with *The Parvenu* and a new comedieta entitled *Picking Up The Pieces*. The author is Julian Sturgis, and Carlotta Addison has left the Moths company to play the principal part in it. An original comedy-drama in four acts, entitled *Comrades*, by Mrs. Stephenson and Brandon Thomas, will be put into rehearsal immediately.

Next month a new drama, entitled *My Life*, will be produced at the Gaiety Theatre. The performance is to be under the direction of Madge Archer, who will appear in the double capacity of authoress and actress. I am told that the play has a French origin, and deals with the debut of a lady on the stage, one scene being actually laid in the manager's box.

The amiable Edwin Hart, of the Gaiety Theatre, having sent me a stall for the second representation of Mattinson's piece, *More Than Ever*, in which he pokes fun at sensation drama, I had another look at it, and again roared with laughter. It is the sharpest and

cleverest skit I have seen for years, and might have been written by Sheridan, which is strong praise. Mattinson, I think, must have taken more time than he usually bestows on his work to think out his situations and polish and round his plans. Usually he writes too rapidly. He once remarked in my hearing: "I can knock off a farce in a night and a comedy in three days." I stirred up his literary bile by adding: "And the public forget them in the same space of time." Arthur has since forgiven me; but for a long time we "met as strangers." He is really a clever, cultivated man; and I hope there is still good work in him though his health is delicate.

Dr. Westland Marston has written a new drama with the excellent title, *At Bay*.

Mr. F. I. Scudamore has written a comedy entitled *Dad*, which will soon see the footlights.

Boucicault, I hear, has completed a new play for Marie de Grey. This lady is a very mediocre actress of a mild pattern, and has in no wise the capacity of a star; but I suppose she has found a "backer." Boucicault, it seems to me, will nowadays write plays for anybody. He ought to know better in his old age.

HOWARD PAUL.

LONDON, Nov. 15, '82.

The London theatrical season is now in full swing, and nearly all the houses are playing to good and remunerative business. If these be not the palmy days of the drama, regarded from a managerial point of view, it is difficult to say when they existed. Certainly Shakespeare, so well illustrated at the Lyceum by Henry Irving and his matchless company, never was more in the demand than at the present moment. The number of applications for seats to witness Much Ado About Nothing may fairly be described as without precedent in the experience of the oldest play-goers here or elsewhere. Charles Kean's great revivals thirty years ago are not to be mentioned in the same breath. The Lyceum portals in Wellington street are besieged during the day by hundreds of disappointed applicants for places, all of whom are "sent empty away," and the theatre is nightly crowded by people who secured their seats many weeks ago. I called at the box-office to-day, but was informed that the theatre is "booked up" to the middle of December, and that applications are coming in from all parts of the kingdom. Mr. Irving will take the piece in its entirety to America next year, with the Lyceum scenery, dresses and properties, which have already cost about \$50,000. All London is raving over the production, and critics have gone into ecstasies over the acting, which is absolutely perfect. Mr. Irving's Benedick and Ellen Terry's Beatrice are impersonations which would have delighted the heart of Shakespeare. They are the ideal characters that he must have pictured in his imagination. Next in the order of merit is Miss Millward's Hero, an inexpressibly sweet performance by an actress who only recently joined the ranks. The male parts are splendidly rendered by Terriss—the American ladies must mind their hearts when they see him, as he is the acknowledged Adonis of the British stage—Fernandez, Tom Mead, Forbes Robertson, Howe and Tyers, who fairly revel in their respective characters. If there is a weakness at all in the cast, it is in Dogberry and Verges, who are weak and vacillating; but taken as a whole, the comedy is clean beyond the range of fault-finding, and it is beyond question the best thing that has been seen in a London theatre since the days of Garrick and Kemble. The very supers are ladies and gentlemen, educated and refined, and it is a fact that a Baronet's son, an Earl's nephew, and several Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates nightly walk the stage as courtiers, attendants or soldiers. The desire to serve under Mr. Irving's banner is shown in everything our great actor does, and I may just add that his acting manager, Bram Stoker, is a Master of Arts and a writer of repute. Much Ado About Nothing is good for a full year's run at the Lyceum; but as Mr. Irving means to carry out his resolve to publicly rehearse his American programme, the comedy will probably be withdrawn soon after the turn of the year. Meantime the nightly callings cannot be much under \$2,500, and Mr. Irving's personal weekly share of the profits is set down at \$5,000.

Among the first-nighters when the comedy was produced were a well-known West country squire and his son. The twain were greatly excited by the performance, and when the act-drop fell upon the glorious chapel scene, with its real organ and choir, its real stained-glass windows, and its almost real wedding, the old gentleman exclaimed: "Isn't it just like Gloucester, Jack? If I were to write to Irving I wonder if he would allow us to view the crypt?" I first became acquainted with Henry Irving about twenty years ago. He was then a stock-actor at the Manchester Theatre, drawing the very modest salary of two pounds five shillings per week. He afterward joined Alexander Henderson at the Liverpool Prince of Wales Theatre, and there his weekly "screw" was three pounds. A few months ago I reminded him of this, and he remarked: "You are quite right; it was the extra 'fifteen bob' that fetched me." A rise of fifteen shillings per week actually tempted our great actor from one city to another. He now pays his valet a better salary.

We Britishers were all delighted to hear of Langtry's safe arrival; but we are rather skeptical about that cablegram from the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward's penchant for the "Lily" was noticeable on a certain night at the Duchess of Manchester's, when she audaciously dropped a lump of ice down his back. It is not always sage or discreet for professional beauties to ply princes of the blood with practical jokes. It is rumored, and probably with your cognizance, that Mrs. Langtry, after her engagement with Mr. Abbey, will go to the Antipodes and act there for a month or two for the small consideration of \$3,000 per week. I hope the first thing she will do on returning to London will be to pay her debts and pension Langtry *spousa*. I believe the poor man is now living upon what the photographers pay in the way of royalties. He would do capitally for Eccles in Caste.

In addition to the Lyceum triumph, I must emphasize the big success which you have heard lucky Alexander Henderson has made at the Comedy with *Planquette's Rip Van Winkle*. It is the best thing he has had in the shape of comic opera, and the music has a delightful sparkle throughout. Of course, H. B. Farnie, who is Henderson's stock actor, and "always retained," has had the doctoring of the libretto. Years before Farnie became a famous author, he was a nice young man in Cramer's music shop in Regent street, and it was his duty to try the pieces which sentimental young ladies came to purchase. He now earns about \$300 per week and keeps a yacht. His master, who is the latest husband of Lydia Thompson, of blonde-brigade notoriety, does more. He

keeps a four-in-hand, and he has the reputation of being a first rate "whip." Fred Leslie's *Rip* is very good; so good that it might be a direct study from Joe Jefferson, which I believe it is. Here, as at the Lyceum, the house nightly overflows, and the cry is "still, they come." Before leaving London and after superintending the English rehearsal, *Planquette* was breakfasted at the Criterion, and George Sala and numerous critics and professionals were invited to meet him.

At the new Avenue, the manager has had to seek refuge in the court of bankruptcy, and he is now undergoing the course of "whitewashing" which he greatly needs. His leading people, M. Marius and Florence St. John, have seceded from the company. The lady had previously figured in the divorce court, when Judge Hannan generously helped Marius out of his matrimonial fetters. You will have them in New York before long.

Mr. Toole was very glad to get back to his "little shop," where he has at length scored a much-needed success. This result has been attained not through the production of a new play of high merit, but out of a musical farce called "Mr. Boffin's Elopement," and a comic song entitled "The Speaker's Eye." And it is out of such nonsense as this that our leading comic actor has to make capital and add to his reputation.

The Bancrofts have not had a good season at the Haymarket with *The Overland Route* and the wonderful luck they have hitherto, had and they are now realizing the fact that "all is not gold that glitters." But they still have poor Tom Robertson's matchless comedies to fall back upon, and Caste, the best of them all is in active preparation for revival. If the Bancrofts could only engage Mr. Langtry for the part of Eccles, they would make another fortune.

The collaboration of Charles Reade and Henry Pettitt, at the Adelphi, is not the "fizzle" that it has been pronounced. The two authors have completed their partnership drama, and Charles Reade has taken the theatre for a term to give it an airing. Drink is still running; but it will shortly go into the provinces, and, I hear, Cyril Searle will go with it. A dreadful piece, called *For Ever*, is being played at the Surrey. It is one of the most repulsive plays ever placed on the stage, and George Conquest's *map-monkey* simply sends the female portion of the audience into fits. It is the worst thing we have had since *Formosa* was produced, and it shares with Drury Lane the questionable honor of attracting the courtesans of Piccadilly and St. John's Wood. O tempora! O mores!

CHARLES MILLWARD.

Facts Misstated.

[Spirit of the Times.]

The Langtry benefit has proven true another of the predictions of the *Spirit*. When the \$50,000 balance of the Actors' Fund was taken away from the profession, locked up by an Act of Incorporation, and restricted to certain named gentlemen, some of whom had not contributed a cent to the Fund, we protested against this reversal of the original intention of the charity. But, as usual, we were alone in our protests. *THE MIRROR*, which aided us in establishing the Fund, submitted silently to the seizure of the money. But the Park Theatre benefit has opened the eyes of the dailies, and the *Herald* puts the following pertinent questions, editorially: "What has been the position of the Actors' Fund in this case? Has the Fund, with its \$50,000, contributed for exactly such emergencies, done nothing? Has it allowed these people to wait in distress, depending for such aid as might come from this Langtry benefit? Was this benefit necessary? Was it not to do away with such public appeals for aid that the annual Actors' Day and the Actors' Fund have been established? Was it necessary to send around subscription lists, as was done a few days since, to various theatres, asking aid for the families of these persons, who are eligible to the Fund? Did not the actors of New York determine that there should be no more passing of the hat, even for the humblest members of the profession or the poorest employees of the stage? Did they not determine that there should be no more theatrical Hubbellism—no more pressing invitations for voluntary contributions to aid the grand old profession? The public and the profession, having generously contributed to this benefit, feel that they can now, without misconstruction of their motives, ask for an explanation from the Directors of the Actors' Fund." The explanation is very simple, and, sooner or later, it will have to be given. The Actors' Fund no longer belongs to the profession, and not one of them, small or great, can receive a dollar of it, no matter what may be his necessities, unless he be a member of the small self-instituted club which has taken the money with the Legislature's ignorant sanction. There will be no "Actors' Day," and there should be none, until the Actors' Fund be restored to its original purposes.

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Professional Doings.



—John A. Stevens on his starring tour is in St. Louis this week. His clever acting in 'Unknown' makes that play a go. An excellent picture of him is printed above.

—Joaquin Miller is dramatizing one of his most successful stories.

—Frederick Bock is playing Uncle Tom in 'Frisco. This is a tumble from tragedee.

—There will be a pantomimic production at the Alcazar during the Christmas holidays.

—Lecocq's latest and newest opera, Le Cœur et le Main, has been purchased by Colonel McCaull.

—A Danites company closed at Ann Arbor, Mich., 30th. Cause, bad management. Salaries paid in full.

—We have received, from an unofficial source, the information that the Holman Opera company has suddenly closed its season.

—Rachel Booth, of Gus Williams' company, has just obtained a divorce from her husband, George Moore, on the ground of non-support.

—The largest advance sale ever known in Springfield, O., was that for Mary Anderson, who appears in that city to-morrow (Thanksgiving) night.

—Public opinion in Battle Creek, Mich., was so strong against the Jesse James combination that the Common Council refused the party a license.

—Colonel McCaull is elated over the profits of his Lace Handkerchief company. The matinee in Philadelphia on Saturday drew \$711 against strong opposition.

—M. B. Leavitt started on Monday for a grand tour of inspection. He will visit all his travelling companies, and probably spend a few days in San Francisco.

—Saturday night the Forest and Stream Club of Danbury banqueted W. H. Fitzgerald and the members of 'The Girl That I Love' company after the performance.

—Will O. Wheeler, business manager for Emma Abbott, compliments THE MIRROR on its new dress, and writes that business with his company is better than in any previous season.

—The celebrated Princess of Trapeziunt, which has been so successful in Europe, is being rehearsed at the Thalia. Knaack, Teweel, Klein and Frauleins Gaister, Raberg and Jules will appear in it.

—About ten o'clock last night a fistcuff took place in the bar-room of the Morton House between William Deutsch and the editor of a musical trade paper which has been defaming him. Bystanders interfered and no damage was done.

—The funeral of William Gray was largely attended by his professional brethren. Among those present were Harry Miner, Tony Pastor, G. L. Stout, Myles Morris, John Tyndall, Dan Collyer, Fred Huber, Dave Braham, Imre Kiralfy, John Queen, Sparks Brothers, A. C. Moreland, Emma Whiting, Ada Wild, Carrie Cox and Owen Fawcett. The pall-bearers were Edward Harrigan, Tony Hart, John Wild, William West, John Queen and Harry Fisher. The remains were interred in the Elks' Rest at Evergreens Cemetery.

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